

How I'm Imagining You

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How I'm Imagining You

by [crabnap](#)

Summary

He doesn't know which is more dangerous – continuing to stare at the video, or turning to meet Dream's gaze. He glances at Dream for half a second – sees wide pupils, pink cheeks – and almost passes out on the spot. Video it is.

“I just think it would be way better if you *couldn't* give up,” George continues, feeling hot all over. “If you were completely at someone else's mercy.”

When Dream and George find themselves watching porn together in a house all to themselves, they end up making a few questionable decisions.

Alternate description: Dream gets edged.

Notes

HELLO MY DEAR FRIENDS AND WELCOME TO CRABNAP SMUT!! i hope you're all having wonderful starts to the new year, i had a bit of a rough patch but got some really good news this morning and we are BACK IN BUSINESS! writing this fic was actually very therapeutic, somehow. don't know what that says about me.

thank you to [sapph](#) for yelling with me over google docs and for being a truly wonderful

friend <3

title is from 'talk' by hozier, a masterpiece !!

i hope you enjoy the fic and i'll see you in the end notes! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

On the night of January 2nd, tired of a house without Sapnap to pick on, George makes his way to Dream's door.

"Dream." George barely knocks before he's opening it, leaning against the wall opposite his bed. "I'm bored."

Dream looks up from his laptop. He seems almost startled for a moment before he relaxes and scoffs. "Okay, what am *I* supposed to do about that?"

What a stupid question. Doesn't he know at this point? "Entertain me. Do something interesting."

"I'm a little busy right now."

"Don't care." George slouches further into the room. "Alright fine, I'm coming in." He sits on the edge of his bed. "What are you even doing? Maybe I can do it with you."

A laugh jumps out of Dream's chest. "I really don't think you'd want to."

"What makes you say that?"

"Are you sure you want to know?"

Now George really wants to know. He's in Curious George mode. "Yes. Obviously."

"Alright." Dream slides his computer off his lap, not turning the screen for some reason. He studies George for a moment before answering. "I was watching porn."

The words don't compute. George blinks. "Porn?"

Dream huffs out a laugh. "Yeah, heard of it? Actually, I know for a fact that you have."

And it's only now that George notices the way Dream's shirt is bunched up over his waist, his hand resting soft on his own bare stomach. He notices it because Dream is pulling the edge of his shirt down, way further down his hips than it needs to be, his hands fumbling just a little bit.

George's throat swallows on autopilot. "Oh," he says. "Okay."

Dream laughs at him again. "You still want to join me?"

It's not supposed to be a challenge, but the *I-told-you-so* in Dream's tone makes it one. And George will die before he admits defeat.

What could go wrong, anyways? They watched the Belle Delphine video together. That's porn. It was over VC and with Sapnap and they were more making fun of it than actually watching, but still. It counts. This can't be too different.

George jerks his chin at the laptop. "Let me see."

Dream looks surprised, but he scoots over anyway. "Okay, sure."

He waits for George to come sit against the headboard next to him before turning the computer and pressing play.

George doesn't know what he was expecting to see on the screen, but it certainly wasn't a solo video of a man jerking himself off. Crotch cam. And...is he-? George's stomach does an evil little flip when he realizes that the man is edging himself.

"*This* is what you like?" George asks.

Dream shrugs with one shoulder. "Sometimes. I like a lot of different things."

George stares as the man's fist speeds up, the tip of his cock going almost purple, just to let go at the last second and drop his hand to his thigh, chest heaving where it's half cut off at the top of the screen.

Okay, he takes back what he said. This is way different than watching the Belle Delphine video.

Dream shifts a little in his seat. "Sometimes I follow along and mirror what he's doing."

"You...edge. Yourself. With the video." George's processing speed has been severely impaired.

"Yeah," Dream says, like it's nothing. "It's kind of hard to, like, match the pace exactly, but it's fun."

George has no idea what to say to that, so he just sits in silence and tries not to imagine Dream copying the man on the screen, his hand moving up and down just like that over his—

No. George doesn't imagine it.

The guy is getting more worked up as he goes, little moans and whimpers coming out of the laptop speakers whenever he touches himself. It's almost...embarrassing. Not stoic and macho like most men are in porn. The sounds this guy is making are kind of pathetic.

George is...wow, George is hard. That's unexpected. George is *really* hard. He can see Dream's chest rising and falling out of the corner of his eye, and his breathing is fast.

"I feel like it would be a lot more fun if someone else was doing it for you," comes out of George's mouth, completely against his will.

Dream gives him a confused look. "Doing what?"

"The—" George gestures at the screen, "edging."

"Oh. Uh— I guess, yeah, probably."

"Like, the guy's making it difficult for himself," George doesn't know why he's still talking, "but he's still in complete control. He could give up whenever he wants to."

Dream is looking at him now. George wills the flush to leave his cheeks. He doesn't know which is more dangerous – continuing to stare at the video, or turning to meet Dream's gaze. He glances at Dream for half a second – sees wide pupils, pink cheeks – and almost passes out on the spot. Video it is.

“I just think it would be way better if you *couldn't* give up,” George continues, feeling hot all over. “If you were completely at someone else’s mercy.”

Dream looks back at the screen and they’re silent for a moment, a sound close to a sob coming out of the laptop speakers when the man lets go of his dick again.

Dream’s throat clicks when he swallows. “I don’t– I don’t think that’s very safe,” he says, “not being able to give up if you need to.”

“Well, obviously it would all be with consent. I’d use the stoplight system, or something.”

Dream’s eyes are back on him in an instant. “You?”

George realizes his mistake a second too late. “I mean– just, hypothetically. If I were to do that to someone.”

“You’d want to be the one *doing* the edging?” Dream’s eyebrows are up to his hairline.

George regrets everything. “I– yeah, I guess.”

And it’s really true. George wants to be the one to make Dream– no, not Dream – he wants to make a man crumble. He wants to have someone at his mercy like that, to pull out all those pathetic noises, to make him cry. Dream would look gorgeous like that, crying from pleasure. George stamps down the thought the instant it hits him, but his dick still twitches violently in his pants.

He really hopes Dream hasn’t glanced at his crotch. He tries to divert his attention. “Look, he’s giving up.” On the screen, the guy is working himself violently, mumbling to himself that he’s *coming, coming*. “I bet he could go for longer if he really wanted to.”

They watch in silence as the guy’s stomach tenses up, as he chokes out a sob, spilling all over himself. Dream lets out a shaky breath. It makes George wonder just how many times Dream has followed him over, how many times he’s come to that exact shot. It’s haunting. It’s going to make George go insane.

“I bet *you* could go for longer if you really wanted to,” he says, not even realizing he’s said it out loud until Dream’s wide dark eyes are burning holes into his face.

“*What?*”

George looks at him, flapping his mouth uselessly a couple times. “Uh.”

Dream closes the laptop without breaking eye contact. “What do you mean by that?”

“I–” George swallows to get his bearings. He can turn this around. He can make this less incriminating. “Nothing. I’m just saying that having someone else do it for you maximizes your potential. Your– like, nut stats.”

“My *nut stats*?”

“Yeah. You could become, like, a *god* at being edged. You could go for hours.”

Dream’s mouth opens slightly at the last thing George says. He’s flushed all over. Even his lips are pinker than usual. “And how do you suggest I do that?”

George knows it’s too far. He knows he shouldn’t say it. But he’s already salivating thinking about it, and once the words are formed in his mind it’s already too late. “I could help you.”

“You...want to edge me?”

“I mean—“ George knows he’s grasping at straws at this point. “Just so we can see how much better you can do. I know you’re not big on random hookups, so it’d probably be a while before you got to otherwise.”

Dream is breathing hard at this point – George is a little worried he’s going into panic mode. “You’re serious about this?”

He’s already in too deep. Dream’s eyes are bottomless. George thinks he could come just from imagining it.

“Yeah.”

Dream just stares at him for a few moments, then he swallows hard. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Okay, let’s do it.”

George’s heart jackrabbits in his chest, nerves and excitement making a dizzy combination. “Yeah, okay.” He looks down at the bed, then back up when Dream starts to move. “Do you mean right now?”

“Yes. Right now.” Dream straightens his legs, and George sees the tent in his pants for the first time.

George’s eyebrows shoot up. “Excited, are we?”

“Shut up, George.” Dream readjusts until he’s laying down, head propped up on the pillows and body stretched out flat. “We’ve been watching porn and talking about edging me for the past, like, ten minutes. I think it’d be insane if I *wasn’t* hard.”

“Okay, whatever. You’re an idiot.” George feels out of his mind as he sits up on his knees, careful to keep his sweatshirt pulled low. “You can’t just lay there, you have to help me out.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “How did I know, you’re supposed to– to be controlling me, or whatever, and you’re still making me do all the work.”

“Yeah, I’m in control and in my role as controller I’m telling you to take your pants off. Idiot.”

Dream goes really red at that, seeming to take in the weight of the situation all at once. He hesitates. “Can I keep my boxers on for now?”

“Sure.”

George sits back and watches him kick off his sweats, then pull his shirt over his head as well. Suddenly there’s a lot more freckled skin on display, a lot more Dream that George has only let himself glimpse on days out at the pool. The hair on his chest is sparse, but it thickens down toward the waistband of his underwear in a light auburn trail. His stomach is soft, gentle looking, but when he shifts under George’s gaze George can see the outline of muscles hidden underneath.

When he lets himself glance lower, he has to fight to keep his face neutral. There’s no denying now that Dream is *large*, but what makes his stomach really twist is just how *hard* he is. He’s stretching the fabric of his boxer briefs an indecent amount, to the point where it looks like he might just burst

right through them. Where the head strains against the fabric, there's a visible wet patch.

"George," Dream says, voice lacking the authority he's trying to put into it. "Stop staring at me like that."

"Sorry." George tries to get his brain working again. "Just figuring out a plan of attack. I haven't really done this before."

"Oh, great." Dream laughs, his voice high. "You don't know what you're doing."

"Shut up, I'm working on it." George shuffles until he's sitting next to Dream's hip. Seeing the discomfort written all over Dream's body, he lets his voice soften in a way he normally doesn't. "Don't worry, I'm not going to mess this up. It's going to be epic."

Dream lets out a pent up breath. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

George raises a hand, making sure it's in Dream's view, and hovers it over his bare chest.

"I'm going to put my hand on you now, is that okay?"

"Yeah." Dream watches him with slightly less wild eyes. "I trust you."

And so George lets his fingers brush down the center of Dream's chest, dipping beneath his sternum and then circling back to press a palm to his ribs. His lungs heave under George's touch. "Okay?"

"Yeah," he gets out, voice cracking.

"Use the stoplight system whenever you need to," George says. "Green for good, yellow for slow down, red for stop."

"I know how stoplights work, thanks George."

"Anytime." George scratches lightly over his happy trail. "I'm just a wealth of knowledge, you know."

"Oh, I'm sure. Your colorblind ass doesn't even know the difference between green and yell- *oh*."

George brushes one finger over the tent in Dream's underwear.

"You were saying?"

Dream starts to reply, but all he gets out is a strangled "*Mmh*" when George cups the warmth of his hand over his hard dick.

"You can't just do that to win arguments, George."

George laughs, having fun now. "It works so well, though. This is *epic*."

"George." It sounds unreasonably good coming out of his mouth like that, strained and almost pleading. "You're supposed to be edging me, not teasing me until I pass out and die."

"Oh my god, you're so dramatic. You're not going to die." George takes pity on him anyway, wrapping his hand around him through the fabric and starting to stroke up and down. "Do you

think I can get you close from just this?”

“*George.*” It’s supposed to be a complaint, but the way he says it sounds dangerously close to a moan. George’s heart trips out of his chest.

“I think I can,” George says, and maybe he’s a little too breathless, but *fuck*. Dream’s blush is spreading down to his chest, head tipped back against the pillows away from him, but George can just make out the way his jaw hangs slack as he pants. It’s the hottest thing he’s ever seen.

“Wow, you’re really pent up, aren’t you?” George says, talking just to keep himself sane. “Been a while since you’ve done this?”

“Shut up,” Dream breathes, not even able to put pitch to the words – or not trusting himself to.

George brings his hand to the head of Dream’s cock and rubs the fabric of his underwear over it, getting it even wetter, and he doesn’t miss the way Dream clenches his jaw and fists his hands into the sheets.

“You can make noise, you know,” George says, using a teasing tone to hide just how eager he is to hear it. “You’re going to do it eventually, might as well get it over with now.”

“You’re such a *bitch* like this,” Dream gets out.

“Do you want me to stop?” George asks, smiling as he says it because he already knows the answer.

Dream’s silence reveals that he knows too.

But silence is not what George wants, so he digs his thumb into the slit through the fabric.

Dream lets out a guttural sound through his teeth.

“There you go,” George says, rocking his thumb back and forth, continuing to torture him.

“F-fuck–“ Dream lifts his hips off the bed, squirming like he can’t decide whether to push closer or away.

George is so hard he can barely see straight. “You getting close, Dream?”

“*Mmh,*” Dream tangles his hair against the pillows, mouth falling open, “yeah– yes, *oh.*”

George drops his hand at the last second, watching Dream’s stomach clench, hips bucking at nothing.

Dream’s breathing is labored as he calms down, opening his eyes to stare at the ceiling. “Fuck.”

“Color?” George asks.

“Green, oh my god. This is gonna be harder than I thought.”

“Why’s that?” George tries not to stare at the way Dream’s dick strains against his underwear, the place his hand was just moments ago.

Dream looks down at him and George snaps his eyes away from his crotch.

“I don’t know. I guess I’m just not, usually...”

George braves eye contact. “Not usually what?”

“Not usually so—“ Dream cuts off to look at the ceiling again, “*pent up*, as you said— right away.”

“Oh,” George says, having difficulty swallowing. He reaches out and runs his hand along Dream’s side, because he’s allowed to, because he can’t seem to help himself. “Why is that?”

Dream pushes out a breath. “God— why do you think, George?”

“I don’t know.” George splays his hand over Dream’s warm stomach. He thumbs at the waistband to his boxers. “Can I take these off?”

Dream’s eyes are wide when George glances up, his cheeks pink again. George watches him make an effort to school his features. “Oh, now you want to take them off for me? Where was all this chivalry ten minutes ago?”

“What can I say, I’m a gentleman.”

And I want to be the one to do it, George doesn’t say. *I want to make you vulnerable with my own hands. I want to see you squirm.*

Dream hesitates for a moment, then lifts his hips a few inches. “Okay. Go ahead.”

George takes the fabric in his hands gently. He watches Dream’s face, checking for any signs of discomfort, before slowly pulling the boxers over his hips. He finds that he really likes having Dream’s trust, really likes that he’s allowed to do this. To see this. It’s kind of insane that he is.

George keeps his eyes on Dream’s face the entire time he undresses him. It’s not a privacy thing, he knows he’s allowed to look, but he’s just kind of in awe. Dream’s eyes are closed, at peace, like he’s in safe hands. George wants to be those safe hands. He wants to take care of him, to make him feel good.

The boxers slide low enough for Dream to kick them off, and then George is sitting next to his fully naked best friend, both of them hard enough to cut diamond. George finally lets himself look.

Dream’s dick is...holy shit. George has to swallow fast before he starts drooling. He’s *big*, bigger than George by far, curving up towards his stomach and dizzy pink. Just like his face and chest but darker, angrier, almost red. The tip is messy with precome to the point where it looks wet.

“George.” Dream shifts self-consciously. He looks wrong like this, ramrod straight, so separate from him. That needs to be fixed.

“Okay, idiot.” He slips his hand between Dream’s knees, not pushing, just asking permission. “Let me in?”

Dream looks confused, but he parts his legs a few inches anyway. George places himself between them, sitting on his heels with his knees spread, Dream’s thighs resting over his.

“Okay?”

Dream nods, a bit shy.

George’s heart squeezes. “Don’t look at me like that, you know your dick is great.”

“*What?*” Dream covers his face with a hand. George doesn’t miss the way his dick twitches.

He laughs. "Come on, Dream. What is this, like seven inches?"

"Seven and a half," Dream mumbles.

"You literally cannot be self-conscious. Like, it's an objectively good dick."

Dream drops his hand, sees that George is completely serious. "I hate you so much."

"What? Why are you upset? I just complimented your dick."

"Yeah, my 'objectively good' dick. How kind of you."

George rolls his eyes. "What do you want me to say? *Oh, Dream, I want to suck your cock like a lollipop?*"

Nevermind that he actually *does* want to do that. That's between him and whatever divine being is watching him jerk off another man right now.

"You're such an idiot," Dream says.

"No, I'm actually very smart. Say I'm the smartest, Dream."

"Why would I say that?"

George finally reaches out and runs a finger up the hot skin of Dream's shaft, stopping just under the head. All of the air collapses from Dream's lungs. This is far too much fun.

"Because you want to come, that's why."

"You should not be given this much power," Dream says, still holding onto his composure.

"You're actually evil like this."

George starts to loosely jerk him at the base, his hand still dry, staying far away from the glistening precome at his tip. "Say I'm the smartest."

"George," Dream says, a warning.

"Say it. Unless you want me to just keep doing this. Prevents my hands from getting dirty, which is nice."

Dream groans in frustration. It's not quite the kind of noise George wants from him, but it will be worth it in the end. He knows how easy it is to make Dream give in.

George lets his hand slip criminally close to the head before sinking back down, resuming his conservative movements. A small bead of precome sits pretty on his knuckle.

Dream swears under his breath.

"Fine— fine!" He takes a few heavy breaths. "You're the smartest, okay? You're the smartest person I know."

George lights up from the inside out. "Good job," he says, his voice going velvety of its own accord, and reaches up to roll his palm over Dream's tip.

"*Oh*," Dream moans, his eyebrows pinching together. "*Oh god*."

“Wasn't that easy, Dream?” George slicks the precome all over, going back to the head with every stroke to gather more.

Dream starts moaning and doesn't stop, like George has found the volume button and turned it all the way up.

George feels insane. “Isn't it easy to do what I want?” he asks, swirling his fingers over the tip. “Isn't it easy to be good?”

Dream whines, nodding like a man possessed. “*Yes.*”

George can't believe his eyes. He thinks he might have died and gone to heaven.

“You're doing so well, Dream,” he says, trying it again, and Dream bucks into his hand with another moan.

Holy shit.

George thought he was hard before, but it's nothing compared to now. He doesn't think he's even been this hard in his life.

“Tell me when you're close.” George jerks him fast. “Be good and tell me when you're close.”

“Close,” Dream pants.

“Really close?” George focuses on the head, making short, precise strokes.

“*Oh— f-fuck, really close.*”

Dream's hips shake, his thighs squeezing around George like a vice, and George feels almost cruel when he takes his hand off of him.

Dream lets out a long, high-pitched note, his dick twitching violently up towards his stomach, but he doesn't come.

George finds himself opening his mouth to praise him, finds that he wants to, but he holds back.

“Dream,” he says, trying to sound like he means business. “How many times does the guy in the video edge himself?”

“*Wha-ah?*” Dream writhes in the sheets.

“How many times does he edge himself?”

Dream has to breathe for a few seconds before he can respond. “Ten. Ten times.”

George smirks. “I bet we can do better than that.”

Dream whines pathetically. *Pathetically.* George is the luckiest man alive.

“You ready to go again?”

“Mm-mm.” Dream shakes his head. “If you touch me, I'm just gonna come.”

George takes an unsteady breath. “Okay.”

To pass the time, George runs his hands up Dream's hips in soothing lines. He's trying to calm him

instead of turning him on more, so he lets himself take his time exploring the soft expanse of Dream's stomach, the bumps of his ribs.

Dream hums quietly. "S' nice."

George laughs, his voice gentle. "I have been known to be nice, from time to time."

"Not very often," Dream says.

George flicks his chest in retaliation.

"Hey— see? Not nice."

"Sorry." George soothes his palm over the spot. "I couldn't just let you get away with that."

"Course not."

George brings his hands to the lower part of Dream's stomach, following the edges of his hip bones, and Dream makes a soft noise.

"Hmm?" George asks.

"Sorry— just turned on."

"Oh." George laughs a little, feeling his cheeks heat up. "I didn't realize finding your volume button was a permanent change."

Dream covers his face. "You're being mean again."

"Sorry, I'll be nice." And without any warning, George wraps his hand around Dream's dick again.

"*Oh god*—" Dream flies onto his elbows, staring at George as he makes long, generous strokes. "*Fuck*, fuck, fuck."

"Close already?"

"*Oh god*." Dream closes his eyes and tips his head back, collarbones stark, his arms and shoulders shaking from the effort of holding himself up. His chest heaves. "George, *George*."

"Yeah?" George flicks his wrist, a devilish move.

"*Mc*close George, *please*—"

George watches Dream's stomach, sees it tensing and knows he's right on the edge, then lets go.

Dream lets out a long choked groan, collapsing back into the pillows.

"Good job, Dream." George goes back to gentle, soft touches, this time learning the strong lines of Dream's thighs. "You're doing really—"

Dream's cock twitches hard. "Stop— no. I'll literally come, George, please."

He stills his hands, letting Dream get a hold of himself. "Sorry, I won't say that when you're recovering."

"No, it's—" Dream pants. "'S really nice. I just don't wanna come too soon. Wanna be good."

“You are.” He waits until Dream has caught his breath. “You’re really good for me.”

Dream hums sweetly.

George goes back to feeling Dream’s thighs, marveling at their thickness, the soft skin covered in light hair. He wants to bury his face in these thighs. He wants to curl up and sleep between them.

“Doing okay?” he asks when he looks up to find Dream’s eyes closed.

“Mhmm.” Dream blinks at him with soft eyes. “Really good.”

“Good.” George rubs his hands in circles around Dream’s hips.

“You’re really good at this, you know,” Dream says.

“At what, hand jobs?” George makes a face.

“No. Idiot. At taking care of me.” Dream finds George’s knees and rests his palms there. “Making sure I’m okay. Being patient.”

George blushes, looking down, feeling exposed even though he’s fully clothed and Dream is literally naked right in front of him. “Bare minimum, idiot. You shouldn’t let someone be in control of you unless they do that.”

“I guess.” Dream rubs circles with his thumb, making him unreasonably warm. “I just– it’s a nice surprise, is all I’m saying.”

“Hmm.” Wanting the attention off him, George brushes his fingers down to the impossibly soft skin of Dream’s inner thighs.

Dream lets out a quiet noise that’s quickly becoming one of George’s favorites.

“You ready now?” he asks.

“Yeah,” Dream says, out of breath already.

George takes him in his hand, starting with slow strokes.

“*Mmm fuck.*” Dream melts into the pillows. “You have no idea–“ his breath hitches, “how good that feels.”

“Yeah?” George speeds up a little.

“*Yeah.*” Dream makes a mess of his hair, head rolling up and to the side, his eyes half-lidded when they land on George. “*Fuck, George.*”

“You’re doing so well.” George takes a risk– “Such a good boy.”

Dream *keens*, back arching off the bed, his hips fucking up at George’s hand. “*Yeah,*” he moans, doesn’t stop moaning, his whole body writhing on the bed like he’s lost control.

Like he’s *giving up* control.

George jerks him off with punishing consistency, swirling at the head with every stroke, and Dream gives himself over entirely. George has him in the palm of his hand.

The feeling isn't power, like George thought it would be – it's *devotion*. George wants to give Dream everything, wants to make him feel more incredible than he's ever felt in his entire life. His dick weeps precome in his pants. He wants to give this boy *the moon*.

"*George, George,*" Dream moans, saying his name like a prayer, his face flushed and glistening with sweat. He shoves his hands into his own hair. "*Oh.*"

George can't help himself, he slides his free hand up to feel the muscles move under the skin of Dream's stomach. "You wanna come, Dream?"

"Yes, *please.*"

"Or do you want to be good?"

Dream almost sobs, his whole body stuttering. "*Nngh*, good. Want to be good."

"Color, Dream?"

"*Green.*" The way he moans it is the hottest thing George has heard in a long time.

"Okay."

So George speeds up, flicking his wrist on the upstroke, until Dream is moaning like he can't stop. Dream pushes against the headboard of the bed, head thrown back, completely lost in it, and George almost forgets to stop when Dream's ass pushes directly onto his cock. He can't hold in a whimper, but Dream is so loud that the chance of him hearing it is small.

George keeps jerking him until his stomach tenses in a wave, his hips rolling, and then George takes his hand off and scoots back enough to get his dick off Dream's ass.

Dream lets out a long, strangled moan, the head of his cock nearly purple, precome pulsing out like he might actually be coming.

"Dream?" George tries to keep his voice from sounding as wrecked as he feels.

"*Mmmh.*" Dream buried his face in his hands.

"Dream, did you come?"

"*No.*" It comes out a sob.

"Good." George holds Dream's waist in both hands, stroking soft skin with his thumbs. "Good boy."

Dream just makes another strained sound, his cock twitching helplessly.

"We still green?" George asks.

It takes a few seconds for Dream to process the question, his arms falling to the pillow on either side of him. "Green," he says. "Green."

"Good."

George caresses his stomach and he follows like he's in a trance, pushing into George's hand.

George laughs gently. "You like that?"

“Mmm.”

A rush of fondness seizes George so strongly that he almost gets teary-eyed. “You’re being so good for me,” he says. “Such a good boy.”

Dream moans, lifting his hips. “Want it again.”

“You want my hand again?”

“Yes,” Dream reaches for him, fingers impossibly warm on George’s wrist, “*please* George.”

“I’m only going to take it away again, you know.”

“Don’t care, just want you to *touch me*.” Dream bucks his hips desperately.

George’s vision whites out for a second, his cock so hard in his pants he thinks he might faint.

“Okay, Dream.” He gives Dream what he wants, wrapping his hand around his dick and moving as slow as he can. “Okay.”

“*Fuck*.” Dream squeezes his legs around George’s waist. “*Thank you*.”

His ass is getting dangerously close to George’s cock again. George gives him more, incorporating a twisting motion at the head.

Dream starts whimpering like it’s the only sound he can make, little whines punched out on every exhale. “George, *George*.”

“You feel good, baby?” He doesn’t know where the pet name comes from.

Dream rubs his cheek into the pillow. “*Mmmh*.”

“Yeah, I bet you do. God, look at you.” George is panting as he takes in Dream’s rosy flushed cheeks, his damp hair sticking to his temples, his messy leaking cock. “Falling apart in my hand. Completely at my mercy.”

Dream keens, jaw falling slack.

“I bet you’d cry if I took my hand away now. Do you think you’d cry, Dream?”

“Ah.” Dream’s hips roll, pushing into George’s crotch, making his hand stutter. “N-no.”

George keeps a white-knuckle grip on the last strands of his sanity. “No?” he asks, out of breath. “You don’t think you would?”

“*Nnh, nnh*,” Dream writhes against George, back arching, “oh, *fuck*.”

Hips burning to push into the contact, George brings Dream to the brink once again and then lets go.

Dream lets out a strangled, choked—*sob*. Fuck, George can see tears in his eyes. He almost comes just from the sight.

“*Fuck*,” Dream sobs again, lifting his hips into nothing, eyes squeezed shut, twin trails of saltwater running down his temples into his hair.

George takes the opportunity to scoot back several inches, breathing hard, his head cloudy. He tries to shake himself clear of it.

“Good boy,” he says, voice a mess, running his hands along the outside of Dream’s thighs. “You okay? Color?”

“G-green,” Dream gets out, sniffing around heaving breaths.

“Are you sure?” George gets up on his knees to wipe the tears from Dream’s soft, impossibly heated cheeks. “I can make you come right now. Just say the word.”

Dream takes a deep breath, staring up at him. “I’m okay.” He looks painfully beautiful like this, eyes wide and puffy and *trusting*. “I can go again.”

“This was number...”

“Five,” Dream says, and George is surprised that he knew right away, that he had the brain power for it. “Halfway.”

“*Halfway*?” George sits back on his heels. “Dream, I just made you *cry*. I really should have paced myself better.”

Dream giggles deliriously. “Whose fault is that?”

“My own.” George finds himself grinning too. “I’ll just have to keep that in mind next time.”

Dream goes still. “Next time?”

Oh, fuck. “I mean—” George scrambles for an answer. “Not— that’s not what I meant. I didn’t—”

“I’d do this again,” Dream says, saving him.

George loses his breath. “You would?”

Dream laughs disbelievingly. “Course I would. What— did you think I was having a bad time?”

“No—”

“I’m having *such* a good time, George. Ten out of ten. And—” Dream breathes, still a little shaky, “I mean, like you said. I could— I could improve at this. And it takes more than one time to get good at something.”

George feels like he’s filling up with helium. He could do this *again*? Dream would *let him*?

“Yeah, that makes sense.” George jumps on board instantly. “I need to work on my pacing anyways. We can both become goated.”

“Yeah.” Dream watches him intently.

George swallows. “Yeah.”

They’re silent for a moment. George doesn’t know what to do with his hands, but then he remembers that he’s allowed to touch. He’s allowed to touch Dream *anywhere, anyhow*. The thought spreads through him like wildfire. He holds onto Dream’s thighs and gathers his courage.

“I have an idea,” he says.

“Yeah?” Dream’s breathing picks up.

“Yeah.”

George shuffles back a bit, then leans down, never breaking eye contact, and lets his bottom lip just barely graze the head of Dream’s cock.

Dream shouts instantly, stomach clenching, and George has to sit back in a hurry before Dream comes all over himself from *just that*.

Holy *fuck*.

“Oh god, oh *god*.” Dream breathes hard and fast, clutching at the sheets beneath him. “Fuck, y’gotta give me some warning before you do that.”

“Sorry, was that not—“

“No— was good.” Dream collapses into the pillows. “So good. I just— didn’t think I was even *close*. And then—“

“Yeah.” George rests his hands on Dream’s knees. “That has to be some kind of record, or something.”

“Fuck.” Dream runs a hand through his tangled hair.

“Well, now we’ve only got four left,” George says, grinning. “That is, unless you want to try for more.”

“Don’t know if I can.” Dream lets out an unsteady breath. “I don’t think I’ve ever been this, like, sensitive, in— in my entire life.”

“That’s okay.” George runs his hands sweetly up Dream’s thighs to let him know he means it. “You don’t have to.”

Dream moans softly when George reaches his hips. “Yeah. Okay.”

“I mean it.” George scratches lightly at his happy trail. “You’re a good boy either way.”

Dream pushes into his hand with a broken sound. “God, I’m not— you’re not even touching me and I feel crazy.”

A bolt of pleasure licks up George’s stomach. “Crazy how?”

“I dunno— fuzzy.” Dream shivers when George teases along the base of his cock. “Good. Like I could come from—“ He breaks off into a moan.

“From what?” George asks gently, stilling his hand to let Dream speak.

Dream shifts his hips, looking almost shy. “From your voice. Could come from your voice.”

George’s mouth drops open at that. “My voice?” he asks, sounding wrecked even to his own ears.

“Yeah,” Dream says. “Maybe.”

“How am I supposed to stop you from coming if you’re already—“ George swallows hard, “coming untouched?”

“Dunno.” Dream reaches down and finds George’s hand, running the pads of his fingers over his palm in a way that’s really just unfair. “You should just touch me. Figure it out later.”

“Okay.”

George lets Dream guide him back to his leaking cock, wrapping his hand around it, falling in love with how familiar it’s all becoming. Dream is instantly whining, canting up into his fist.

“God, what are we going to do with you?” George asks in awe, pinning Dream’s hip with his free hand. “You’re so wound up. You’re barely coming down in between anymore.”

“Nnnh—“ Dream fights at the hold George has on him, trying to take more. “*Please.*”

“Dream.” George says it like a warning, squeezing Dream’s hip. “Take what I give you.”

Dream’s movements stutter instantly, his body falling back into the bed. “Sorry— ‘m sorry.”

“Good boy.”

Dream *melts*.

“You want more?”

“*Yes.*”

“Ask nicely, then.”

Dream opens his eyes, looking up at George pitifully, mouth open and panting. “*Please,*” he says, so sweetly that George can’t refuse. “*Please, more.*”

“Okay.” George’s heart pounds. “Can I put my mouth on you?”

Dream moans. “*Yes— won't last long.*”

“That’s okay, baby.” George gives him one last stroke before letting go. “Just be good and tell me when you’re going to come.”

“*F-fuck, okay—*“

George readjusts himself until he’s on his elbows in front of Dream’s cock, thighs over his shoulders, the smell of him heady and overwhelming. It’s so good that George almost closes his eyes and ruts into the bed beneath him.

“George,” Dream pants, looking down at him. “*Please.*”

“Yeah. Okay.”

He starts with a long lick from base to head that has Dream keening, thighs shaking next to his ears. The taste of him is salty and addicting.

“Hold on for me, Dream,” George says, not wanting this to end. “Don’t come yet.”

Dream whimpers.

George stares at the tip of his cock and watches as a trail of precome pumps out of it. He licks it clean.

“*Mmh*—“ Dream’s head rolls back into the pillows. “Fuck, George.”

He wraps his lips around the tip, Dream’s sounds becoming a constant mindless babble, and begins to sink down slowly, obsessed with the taste of him, the smell, letting himself get wrapped up in it—

“*Oh*—“ Dream’s thighs tense around him, hands scrabbling at his shoulders, “*George*—“

George pulls off as fast as he can, leaning back, and finds Dream with his face screwed up and fists clenched.

George licks his lips. His dick twitches hard.

Dream is still breathing deeply, pushing the air out through his mouth, repeating the process a few times before he finally opens his eyes. “Fuck. Fuck.”

“Dream?”

“Had t’stop myself from coming. Almost did.”

“*Oh*.” George pushes his face into Dream’s thigh, hoping he doesn’t notice how close to a moan it really is. “Good boy. Really good boy.”

Dream whines, legs quivering. “N-need a minute. Gimme a minute.”

“Okay.”

George lets him breathe for a while. When a minute or two has passed, he places a small kiss on Dream’s inner thigh. Is this allowed? God, he doesn’t know. He does it again and Dream makes a soft noise.

“You okay?” George asks into his warm skin. “Color?”

“Green,” Dream says. “Want you again.”

George’s breath catches in his chest. “Yeah? Want me how?”

“Any way.” Dream’s fingers find his fucking *hair*— god, he’s a goner.

“Want my mouth again?” George kisses open-mouthed up his inner thigh.

“*Mmh*.” Dream’s fingers tangle in his curls. “Yeah.”

Like a man possessed, George kisses reverently at the base of Dream’s cock, working his way up until he’s swirling his tongue over the tip.

Dream pulls his hair. “*Oh* god.”

He swallows a quiet noise in the back of his throat, sinking back down onto Dream, losing himself in the act.

He starts to get a rhythm going, hollowing out his cheeks, and when he stops to flick his tongue over Dream’s tip before going back down, Dream pulls his hair so hard that he moans around his dick.

“*F-f-fuck*—“ Dream whole body tenses. George barely pulls off in time, watching open-mouthed as

Dream shakes and sobs. “Oh *god*.”

“Dream?”

“Nnh, *ah*—”

“Dream, what color?”

He’s trembling, tears forming in the corners of his eyes, dick so purple and hard that it looks genuinely painful.

George strokes his thighs, breathing hard. “I need to know what color, baby.”

“Nnhh— just need to come. *Please*, please.”

“Okay, baby, okay.” George kisses his tip.

Dream lets out a sob.

“It’s okay, it’s okay, I’ve got you.”

George doesn’t want to do anything but take care of him, to make him feel good, to make him come so hard he can’t see. He doesn’t waste any time. He sinks down, bobbing his head like he was made for this, swirling his tongue over the head at every stroke.

Dream cries out, writhing, completely out of control as his thighs quake and clench around George’s ears. George holds his hips tight in both hands and rides it out.

“Come, Dream,” he says, pulling off for a moment. “Be good and come for me.”

The second George takes him again Dream sobs brokenly and comes, his release hitting the back of George’s throat with force, whole body going rigid and trembling.

It almost makes George choke, but he swallows as much as he can before pulling off. Dream is *still coming* when he does, spurting a line of white all the way up his chest.

George swallows again, his cock pulsing painfully at the sight.

“Good, Dream.” He eases him through it, stroking his thighs. “Breathe, you’ve earned it. You did so well.”

Dream takes great heaving breaths as the tremors subside, finally coming back down to earth, his arms and legs falling limp onto the mattress.

“There you go,” George murmurs.

He doesn’t know what the protocol is here, so he kind of just hovers and watches Dream breathe, unsure if he should do something, until a sweaty hand reaches out and catches George’s wrist. He takes the invitation and lies down next to him, letting Dream curl into his side even though he’s covered in his own come.

“Hey, I’ve got you,” George says, stroking his back. “You did so good, Dream.”

Dream makes a soft noise into his neck. It makes George want to squeeze him.

He holds Dream for a few more minutes, just touching his back and side gently and whispering

sweet things in his ear, until the tent in George's pants becomes so painful that he can't focus on anything else anymore.

He presses his lips to Dream's sweaty hair. "I'll be right back," he whispers.

Dream makes a disapproving noise and holds on tighter.

"We've got to clean you up, Dream." George pulls at his arm. "Come on, I'll only be gone a minute. I'm coming right back."

"You promise?" He asks softly, sounding almost nervous.

"Of course." George soothes a hand up his bicep. "I promise."

"Okay." Dream finally lets go, watching George closely as he awkwardly gets out of the bed and tries to walk to the en suite without giving away the fact that he's about to bust out of his sweats.

He's not sure how successful he is, but the second he closes the door behind him every thought flies out of his head. He lifts the toilet lid and pushes his pants and underwear down to his ankles.

He only has to stroke himself about three times before he's coming, his entire soul whiting out in pleasure, doubling over and propping his hand on the back of the toilet as he literally comes his brains out. His body shakes, quivers, the pleasure rolling through him in waves, his legs barely able to keep him standing.

Holy fucking shit.

When he starts to re-enter his body, he has to sit down backwards on the toilet for a few moments and just breathe.

Well, *that's* never happened before. He feels like he was edged right alongside Dream, which, when he thinks about it – he kind of was. He pants and puts his elbows on the back of the toilet, running his hands through his hair. *Jesus Christ.*

It takes a few moments for him to convince himself he's capable of standing, but when he does, he cleans himself up and then finds a washcloth and runs it under warm water.

Dream is half asleep when he gets back. "George."

"Hey, silly." He kneels on the bed next to him. "How are you feeling?"

"Mmm." Dream curls into him. "Sleepy. Want you back."

"I'm here." He starts to rub the washcloth over Dream's chest as gently as he can, Dream's soft hums making a lump form in his throat. "I've got you."

George cleans off the soft skin of his stomach, watching his muscles jump as he gets lower down, and decides the rest can wait until tomorrow. He doesn't want to overstimulate him.

"Wanna sleep?" he asks, setting the washcloth on the nightstand.

"Yeah."

Dream curls an arm around his waist and pulls him down into the bed. George goes willingly, wrapping his arms around him and letting Dream settle his head on his chest.

“Did I do good?” Dream asks softly, halfway to sleep.

“You did so good,” George whispers. “Did you have a good time?”

“Yeah.” He feels Dream smile against his chest. “So good, yeah. Did we get to ten?”

“Not quite.” George rubs circles into his scalp. “Got to eight. We’ll try for ten next time.”

Dream hums contentedly. “Okay.”

George kisses his temple, gentler than he’s ever been. “Go to sleep, baby.”

They do.

--

George awakes in Dream’s bed, alone, the sound of the shower filtering in from the en suite.

His first thought is, *Huh?*

His second thought is, *Fuck.*

He slept here. With Dream. After edging him for nearly two hours. The details come back in bits and pieces that George shoves to the back of his mind, not being at all what he needs right now. What he needs is to think.

So, Dream let him do...that, to him, for almost two hours last night. And he said that he would do it again. Was that just the horniness talking? He was so clingy afterward, but he was also in such a fucked-out state, not really thinking clearly. Would he *actually* want to do it again? And what does that mean for them?

George would be kidding himself if he said he didn’t want to. But he’d also be kidding himself if he said he *hasn’t* been in love with Dream for the better part of three years.

It started as a naive thing, a boy halfway across the world who made him blush and laugh too much, something that George stamped down in 2021 and swore he’d never look back on. But, in the secret corners of his heart, that thing started to grow. It wove between his bones, no longer something he could separate himself from, the scaffolding on which he built his new life, his new home in Florida 4000 miles away. By the time he got here, it was too late. He was already done for.

And now he’s in Dream’s bed.

With a creak, the shower water turns off and George hears muted sounds from behind the en suite door. It’s a lot like when they used to call, the sounds of Dream’s morning routine familiar enough in his headphones that he could usually guess at what Dream was doing. Right now, he’s drying his hair with his towel in a way that will make him complain about frizz later on.

George takes a deep breath and sits up against the headboard. He doesn’t know if he’s supposed to leave, or if Dream wants him to stay, or if he’s making a big deal out of something that Dream isn’t even thinking about. He’s used to knowing him so well. He doesn’t like this feeling.

Ultimately, he decides that if this is the Dream he knows and loves, he'll want to talk about it. Make sure they're on the same page. It's something he loves about Dream as much as he hates it, his steadfast need to communicate.

And George will go with whatever Dream wants. He's not stupid enough to risk their friendship over this. He'll get Dream to say what he wants out of this, and George will just agree. Easy. He can sort out the messy stuff on his own.

The fan in the en suite turns off. The door opens.

Dream emerges from the bathroom smelling of watermelon with his damp hair curling perfectly, which is really not fair in the slightest. George's morning wood roars to life in his pants when he remembers that not only has he seen this man *naked*, he's seen him cry from how good George's mouth was around his *dick*. He tries to get a hold of himself.

"Hey," Dream says softly. He looks beautiful in a warm brown crewneck and gray sweats.

"Hey," George returns.

"How'd you sleep?"

George curses the blush creeping up his cheeks. "Good."

"Good." Dream sits on the edge of the bed. "Can I ask you something?"

George swallows. Here it comes. "Uh, yeah. Sure. What's up?"

Dream resituates until he's cross-legged in front of him, looking at him intently. "Why did you run to the bathroom to jerk off last night?"

Well, that's not what George was expecting.

"*What?*" he chokes.

"Come on, George, I'm not stupid." Dream licks his bottom lip, almost shy. "I would have done it for you, you know."

George loses his ability to breathe entirely. "You— I— what? Dream."

"I wanted to do it for you," Dream says. "You made me come harder than I ever have in my *life*, George. I wanted to repay the favor."

"Well, I kind of did, too." George looks down at the bed, not knowing why he's telling him this. "In the bathroom."

When he looks back up, Dream is gaping at him. "*What?* You gatekept that from me? I would have died to see that, George."

"What—" George hides his face in his hands, blush consuming him, a whole swarm of butterflies invading his entire body. "Why are you saying these things?"

"Let me do it now." Dream pulls at his wrists, making George look at him. "Let me repay you now."

"Why?" George is hot all over.

“Because I want to.”

George can see in his eyes that he means it. He’s always so sincere, it’s disarming.

“How...would you want to do it?” George asks.

“With my hand, my mouth– fuck, George, *anything*.”

George doesn’t know how his heart is still beating. “I– uh–” He takes a hitched breath. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Dream finds George’s knees under the covers. “Okay to what?”

“Anything,” George says. They were supposed to be having a serious conversation right now, but he’s quickly becoming just as turned on as he was last night and the logical part of his brain is melting into a sizzling puddle.

“Are you sure, George?” Dream’s touching his hips now, and this is *so different* the other way around. “You don’t have to.”

“I want to.”

Dream looks at him, finding something in his face that makes him nod. “Okay.”

Dream pulls the covers off him slowly, settling between his legs.

“Tell me if you don’t like something, or if you want me to stop.”

George almost laughs, it’s so ridiculous. Him, wanting Dream to *stop*? He nods anyway, just to humor him, and to save the last bit of his dignity when all he wants to do is yell *have me, have me, have me*.

Dream settles his warm hands back on George’s hips, but instead of tugging at his pants, he pushes George’s shirt up over his chest.

George starts to raise his arms, but Dream just presses his palms into George’s back and drops his mouth to his bare sternum. A breath shakes itself from George’s lungs.

Dream kisses down his stomach, eyes closed like this is some kind of worship, and George has never felt anything like this before. He feels *loved*. Safe. So close to the edge, but like there are hands waiting to catch him when he falls.

“Dream,” he says, not really meaning anything by it. Maybe meaning everything by it.

Dream hums into his hip bone. He licks a stripe along George’s waistband that makes him shiver.

“Can I take off your pants, George?”

“Yes,” George breathes.

And so he does. He’s gentle, slow, putting his hands in the waistband of George’s underwear so they don’t get caught on anything. George glances down and is almost embarrassed by how hard he is, until he sees the look in Dream’s eyes.

“God, you’re everything,” Dream says.

George covers his face with his hands. “Dream.”

“I mean it.” Large hands come around his thighs, opening him wider. “Can I suck you off?”

George makes a humiliating noise. “Okay.”

It all goes very quickly after that. Dream puts his – *wet, hot* – mouth around George’s cock and George keens, unable to keep quiet, his hands clutching in Dream’s still damp hair.

“Dream, Dream, Dream–*fuck*.”

Dream hums in response, the vibrations going straight to George’s core, and George moans like he’s never moaned before. Dream bobs his head, George loses his sense of time, feeling outside his body and inside his body and everywhere in between, entirely falling apart inside Dream’s mouth.

When he comes, it’s like he slips through a crack in the universe. It’s all blinding pleasure, waves and waves and waves of it, his soul careening through new dimensions. That’s how it feels. He didn’t think he could come harder than he came last night, but Dream proves him wrong in under a fucking minute.

When Dream pulls back, he laughs around the slight rasp in his voice. “That was quick.”

“You were quicker,” George says, panting.

“George.” Dream gives him an incredulous look. “I had been edged eight times. That is not comparable.”

George closes his eyes and collapses into the bed. “Can’t argue right now,” he says. “Think my soul just came out of my dick.”

“Really?” He can hear the massive grin in Dream’s voice. “Better than last night?”

“Yeah.” George gives it to him without a fight – he deserves it. “Jesus Christ.”

Dream settles down next to him, just their shoulders touching. George hooks his bare leg around Dream’s knee.

“So I did a good job?” Dream asks, voice shy, his praise kink insatiable.

“Yes,” George gives him. “You’re goated at sucking dick, Dream.”

“Thank you.”

The serious talk is coming. He can feel it.

“So, um,” Dream says, right on queue, “are you...like–“

George turns to look at him, watching his eyes dart nervously around the room.

“Um.” Dream clears his throat. “Do you want to– to keep doing this, too? Because I know I do.”

“I– yeah. Yeah, I do.” George takes a deep breath. “I want to do...lots of things.”

Dream meets his gaze. “Other things, too?”

George wishes he wasn’t mostly naked right now. He feels exposed in too many ways. “Yeah.”

Dream finds his wrist, tentatively brushing down to the center of his palm. “Can I take you out to

dinner?”

A surprised laugh jumps out of George’s mouth. “Sure, Dream, you can take me out to dinner.”

“I mean it.” Dream’s eyes bore into him, so open he could fall right through them. “Can I do that kind of thing? Take you out? Treat you?”

George’s heart beats in his throat. “You already treat me.”

Dream’s fingers lace between his. “Can I hold your hand?” His voice goes low. “Kiss you?”

An involuntary sound escapes on George’s breath. “You want to kiss me?”

“So much.” Dream looks down at his lips, eyes half-lidded. “All the time, you have no idea.”

“I’ve wanted to kiss you since before I knew what you looked like,” George says, the words coming out without his permission.

Dream’s breath catches. His eyes fly up to George’s. “Are you serious?”

“Yeah.” George swallows, his pulse frantic. “I– yeah.”

“Holy shit.” Dream brings a hand to his cheek, gentle, like he’s precious.

George’s eyes widen. He’s just woken up, his mouth tastes terrible. In a panic, he slaps his hand right over the center of Dream’s face. “Don’t do it right now, though.”

Dream laughs in shock. “George, what?” His voice is muffled by his hand. “Why not?”

“I have morning breath.”

“Oh my god, you idiot. I don’t care if you have morning breath.”

“I don’t want to have morning breath for our first kiss. I’m going to remember it for the rest of my life.”

When Dream’s mouth falls open, George realizes what he’s said. He drops his hand, punching Dream in the shoulder to try to lessen the damage.

“Forget I said that,” he says weakly.

“Go brush your teeth right now before I don’t give you the chance to.”

“Okay.” George is on his feet in an instant.

He runs to his room, pants half pulled up, and brushes his teeth, scrubs his tongue, fucking flosses just to be extra thorough.

When he returns, Dream doesn’t let him get two steps into the room before his hands swallow George’s face whole and he’s kissing him.

The intimacy of it hits George like a train. They’ve had each other’s dicks in their mouths, for god’s sake, but when Dream pulls him even closer, licks at his bottom lip and then inside his mouth, it’s like George is utterly consumed by him. Consumed, and consuming. George finds Dream’s waist under his shirt, anchoring himself, and something finally clicks into place. Circuit complete. The thing that’s grown inside him for years lights up like a lantern.

"I'm obsessed with you," Dream murmurs, tracing thumbs along his cheekbones as he kisses him again.

George melts into his hands. "You're alright, I guess."

"*Alright?*" Dream pulls back. George chases his lips shamelessly. "George."

George kisses him deeply, making them both forget everything for a second, then Dream pushes at his chest.

"No. Tell me you're obsessed with me."

"Dream," George groans, tracing his ribs until he shivers, "you're such an idiot."

"I'm not kissing you again until you say it."

"That's a lie." George kisses him, proving it.

"Shut up. Just say it, come on."

Dream takes a step back. George follows him like a heat-seeking missile, leaning in close again.

Dream laughs. "God, you're actually insatiable. It's not even a secret, George. I know you're obsessed."

"M not." George kisses him, long and deliciously slow.

"You are." Dream's voice is breathy.

"M not."

Sunlight falls through the window, painting them in warm golden light.

"You are."

"Yeah," George whispers.

"Yeah what?" Dream asks delightedly.

"Mmm, nothing." George kisses him again. "I forgot."

"You are the worst ever."

"Yeah." George grins into his mouth. "Take me out to dinner tonight."

"Okay."

And he does. He gets a confession out of George that night, splayed out in his bed, and a lot of other things, too. George spends three days smiling, unable to knock it off his face. Then Sapnap comes home and beats his ass in a nerf gun fight. It's only a few minutes until they're laughing again, though, and Dream makes him forget all about his skinned knee later that night.

They purchase more soundproofing pads the next morning, after an awkward conversation. Sapnap doesn't let it get too weird though, resorting to a new method best described as constant and relentless teasing. Somehow, it makes George laugh more than it makes him cringe. He has Dream to kiss his blush away now, although Dream has started to join forces with Sapnap to see just how

red they can make him.

It's still love all around, all the way down to the center.

George doesn't know how he got this lucky.

End Notes

HEY HI WHAT'S UP

i may have lost a permanent piece of my sanity writing out 8 edges in detail but i also had such a fun time. who knows, maybe this is what crapnap 2023 is meant to be. i'll either never do this again or be back in a month with more.

thank you so much for reading!! i hope you enjoyed the fic :))) comments and kudos are so so appreciated i eat them up like little sugar cookies

i love you all and i'll see you again soon <3

my [twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!